

A BROTHER'S REVENGE.—The following narrative will be read with absorbing interest. Freeman arrived here on the Star, in the custody of the brother of his murdered wife, and will soon appear before the bar of justice to answer for the inhuman deed. The particulars were derived from Mr. Crawford, and are doubtless correct.

The prisoner, Wiley Freeman, was born in Edgefield district, S. C. where he married Mary Crawford, about twenty years ago.—They lived happily together until he took to drink, when he would beat and abuse her in a shocking manner. After remaining some months in this disagreeable situation she came to the conclusion to separate from him; accordingly she came to the house of her brother, John Crawford, where she remained with her eleven children until he removed to the District of Columbia. Freeman afterwards enticed the children away and then sent them to their mother's house in a ragged and dirty condition. No sooner were they clothed again by the affectionate mother than he would persuade them back. The third eldest son who lived with his mother, one day was sent by her with a message to the father; when he arrived at the house he was told by Freeman's sister that his father was absent and that he had better take the children home to his mother. The boy (Franklin by name) had not long departed when the father came home. He asked his sister where the children were. And when she informed him that the son had taken them away he snatched a rifle from the mantle-piece and loaded it, putting in two balls. Swearing he would shoot the boy, and immediately went in pursuit. When he came to the ferry which they had to cross he asked if the children had crossed over, (describing them) and was answered in the affirmative. Fortunately for them they had taken a by-way, but unfortunately for their mother they had not got home. Freeman with murderous intent pursued his way to the house; and on discovering that there was no one in but his wife and a black woman, he cocked his piece and took deliberate aim. It was only then that the poor woman discovered him or became aware of her dangerous situation. She exclaimed, "Lord, Mr. Freeman you are not going to kill me!" He replied "I am, by God," whereupon he fired and she fell from her chair on the floor. The old black cried "you have killed my mistress" and began to alarm the neighbors by screaming. He commenced loading his gun again but when he had rammed the ball about a foot down the barrel, the ramrod broke. He now became alarmed and fled.

This atrocious murder was committed on the 10th of June, 1837. The neighbors hearing the cries of the black woman were soon on the spot, the body was lifted and put on a bed, and the abused wife expired next morning with no word against the murderer.

Shortly after this the Governor offered a reward of \$1500 for the apprehension of the murderer, and he was taken and committed to jail; but before his trial came on he effected his escape.

John Crawford, brother to the murdered woman, at this time lived at a distance of 500 miles from the scene of blood.

Upon hearing of the death of his sister, he came to Edgefield with the full determination of pursuing the murderer, promising himself no rest until he had discovered him; and faithfully has he performed his duty, through many difficulties. He first proceeded to Texas, where he heard Freeman was residing, and obtained from President Houston an order to arrest him, and power to convey him to Georgia. But Freeman went to Mexico, where he remained, until an order issued by the government in relation to foreigners resident there, compelled him to leave the country, embarking by sea for New Orleans. He worked here for some time, but as his conscience would not let him rest, he determined to return to Texas. While travelling through the country, he fell sick, and had to remain for some time in the parish of Rapides, which led to his arrest on the 14th inst. Mr. Crawford in the mean time remained in Texas—part of the time, he was in the army, but never forgetting his object. Hearing that Freeman was in New Orleans, he came here, but was again disappointed. As may be supposed, it took no trifle to defray Mr. C's expenses during so long a search. His funds

were several times exhausted, for during all this time, he did not write home; consequently he sought for employment, and obtained it in the parish of Rapides. One day, while at work, he thought he saw Freeman pass, and communicated his suspicions to Mr. Tanner, his employer, who immediately mounted his horse, and they both went in pursuit. They overtook him, Crawford saying as he came up to him—"Well, Wiley Freeman, have I come up to you at last?" Freeman at so unexpected a salute, could scarce believe his senses. A moment after, he exclaimed—"Jack, do not kill me—I give up."

Mr. Crawford has a certificate of confession, which the prisoner made when he was taken.—*N. O. Crescent City.*

A NEW KIND OF TRAFFIC.—The Yankees are every where famous for *swapping*. It is not often however that we have to record a speculation like the following even in a Yankee land. In a portion of the town of Great Barrington, known by the appropriate name of Timberlin, lives one Austin, until recently a sorrowing widower. The wife of Austin not long since died, leaving him a daughter, aged seventeen years. Like most who have been blest with excellent wives, he was extremely uncomfortable in this, his bereaved state. Hard by lived a neighbor, whose happiness with a wife Austin envied. Austin one day mourned with his neighbor over his own hard lot, while he congratulated him upon the possession of such an excellent wife. The neighbor seemed to think that he would prefer the daughter of Austin as a companion, to his own wife, valuable as she was. A swap was finally proposed and agreed to. Austin received a little 'boot' on account of the difference in the ages of the females. The females making no objection, the exchange was effected. Austin received, and has for some months lived with the wife of his neighbor, who makes good the place of her, whose loss he had mourned. The daughter of Austin furnishes the neighbor with a wife, with whom he is well pleased, congratulating himself not a little, that he has 'swapped' off his old wife for a "brave new one and only had to pay five dollars to boot."—*Stockbridge (Mass.) Visitor.*

THE MESSENGER.



LOUISVILLE, MISS.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1842.

The election for Auditor of Public Accounts appears from the returns of this county, to have created but very little interest, some of the precincts not voting at all. The full returns from this County were, for Matthews 90 and Yerby 49 votes.

We call the attention of our readers to an article in to-day's paper, from our worthy old friend Bedune of the Georgia Argus, in relation to a National Bank and a Protective tariff. We hope through the instrumentality of such men, to be able to hail old Georgia in opposing two of the greatest curses of the south, at the next Presidential election, the influence of "Old Horry of West" to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE BEAUTIES OF A NATIONAL BANK AND A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

A great many people believe, or profess to believe, that all the evils under which we labor in this country, are owing to the want of a National Bank or Protective Tariff. Commerce they say would flourish if we had a National Bank, and labor would be high, if we had a Tariff to protect American labor against English labor. In England they have both, and what is the result. Let the daily accounts of the deplorable state of commerce, and the distressed condition of the laboring classes in England answer. They have a great National Bank; how is it that money is not plenty, and commerce thriving? They have a Protective Tariff, or to use the language of the Whig advocates of a

Protective Tariff in this country, their labor is protected against the labor of other countries; aye, and their National Independence is secured too; how is it then, that their laborers are starving? They cannot even get enough for their labor to supply them with even the coarsest necessities of life. For years the accounts from England have teemed with frightful descriptions of Commercial disasters, and the distress and starvation of the laboring classes in the manufacturing districts; yet in England they have a National Bank more powerful than any body expects to have in this country, and a Protective Tariff, that its advocates here would not dare to ask. We ask the attention of our readers to the following extract from the latest accounts from England:

TRADE IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

Manchester, Friday evening June 17.—There never was a state of things like the present, so far as regards the price of cloth. Prices are now lower than ever, and ever since Tuesday, manufactures, to affect sales, are compelled to do so at one cent decline, and prices are likely to go further down, nay, must do so, if the population is not greatly reduced. Twist is still good to sell, but in no case dearer. The home trade would be improved by an early and bountiful harvest—this is what most are now looking for as the only means of relief.

DISTRESSING SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—As an instance of the depressed state of trade at Huddersfield, it is reported that out of six shopkeepers, all consecutively situated in one of the principal streets, only one is reported to be solvent, the rest having either just finished compounding with their creditors, or making arrangements with them.

SEVERE DISTRESS AT HOLBIRTH.—The working classes in the district were never, taking them generally, in such a state of destitution before. There must be thousands wholly unemployed, and it is distressing to see the hundreds of laboring men who are daily rambling about the country evidently suffering for want of food, and many of them clothed in rags.

Reader, reflect upon these things. Does it not seem strange, that commerce should languish and money be scarce in a country where they have a great National Bank? and that laborers should starve in a country where there is so much protection? and that these things should exist in so great a nation, and amongst such a great people?—*Georgia Argus.*

ANDREW JACKSON.—Gen. Jackson is now in the 76th year of his age. He is hastening to that bourne, which covers all errors and defects, and should extinguish all resentment, all acerbity and acrimony of feeling, if any such be entertained towards him, by the citizens of our country, to which he has been so long a benefactor.

Twenty-seven years since, the triumphant General, after having obtained an almost bloodless victory, in one of the most remarkable battles recorded in history, repaired to a Christian Church, and humbly supplicated that God, whom he now worships, to continue the same guardianship, over our republic, which was manifested in his Providence during our revolutionary difficulties. It was upon the same arena, he obtained a victory over himself—scarce less brilliant than the achievement of the memorable 8th.

An individual, high in station, was suspected of an attempt to sow sedition and discord amongst the motley soldiery in the Orleans Camp. By order of the commander, he was removed as to prevent his interference with the American Army. After the victory, Gen. Jackson was arraigned—the same suspected individual, who fled when danger approached, sat as judge, witness, and jury—a fine of one thousand dollars was imposed upon him. At this time, he was surrounded by American soldiers, who had shared, oftentimes half fed and without clothing, with their commander, all the difficulties of a winter's campaign in the morasses and marshes of the south; this army flushed with recent triumph, looked upon their chief with a veneration, amounting almost to idolatry, and were clamorous for a remission of the unjust fine. What was the course of Jackson? and that, too, just after his home had been sold to discharge a liability incurred for a friend—and he himself lived in a rude cabin? He bowed before the majesty of the laws

of that country, in defence of which he had but as yesterday, periled his health; his life, and reputation. His country women immediately obtained and tendered payment of the penalty. Gen. Jackson would not receive it; but requested his patriotic female friends, to bestow the favor intended for him, upon the widows and orphans of those who had fallen by his side.

Whatever may have been his faults—they are eclipsed by his virtues. Foibles, all men have. Frailty is the common lot of man; yet, when the patriot, the hero, the statesman and civilian, shall be summoned to his last resting place, over his grave, (with a rare exception,) will American hearts mourn, and render homage, to the memory of him, "who has filled the measure of his country's glory."—*Lexington (Miss.) Union.*

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—Of the noble patriots, who signed the Declaration of Independence, 9 were born in Massachusetts; 8 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland; 4 in Connecticut; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 4 in South Carolina; 3 in New York; 3 in Delaware; 2 in Rhode Island; 1 in Maine; 3 in Ireland; 2 in England; 2 in Scotland; and 1 in Wales.

Twenty one were attorneys, 10 merchants, 4 physicians, 3 farmers, 1 clergyman, 1 printer, and 16 were men of fortune.

Eight were graduates of Harvard College, 4 of Yale N. Jersey, 2 Philadelphia, 2 of William and Mary, 3 of Cambridge, (England,) 2 of Edinburgh and 1 of St. Omers.

At the times of their death, 5 were over 90 years of age; 7 between 80 and 90; 11 between 78 and 80; 12 between 60 and 70; 11 between 59 and 60; 7 between 40 and 60; one died at the age of 27; and the age of 2 is uncertain.

At the time of signing the Declaration the average age of the members was 44 years. They lived to the average age of more than 65 years and 10 months. The youngest member was Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, who was in his 27th year. He lived to the age of 51. The next youngest member was Thos. Lynch of the same State, who was also in his 27th year. He was cast away at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his 71st year when he signed the Declaration. He lived to 1790, and survived 16 of his younger brethren. Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island, the next oldest member, was born in 1707, and died in 1788.

Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his 96th year. Wm. Ellery, of Rhode Island died in his 93d year; and John Adams in his 91st.—*Boston Mer. Journal.*

THE LAST SIGNER.—The National Intelligencer publishes the following solemn and impressive testimony of a venerated signer of the Declaration of Independence, then the only survivor of a noble band, in affirmation of the blessings which it had conferred on his country, fifty years after he affixed his name to it, and pledged for it "his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor." In the year 1836, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable CARROLL alone remained among the living, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor, and obtain from him for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed, with his own hand, to a copy of that instrument, the grateful, solemn, and pious supplemental Declaration which follows:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself, in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of 89 years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the 2d day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document, as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to

them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity, and extended to the whole family of man.

CHARLES CARROLL,
OF CARROLLTON.
August 2, 1836."

ALCOHOL.
Dow Jr. in a late sermon, thus discoursed on this system destroying article:

My dear hearers—alcohol may be well termed a spirit of wo. The army of industry is paralysed at its touch, the young buds of ambition wither to start no more—the laurel leaves fade in the wreath of fame—vicious weeds soon overtop and conceal the half blown blossoms of virtue—and the fine spun threads of sympathy soon become twisted together into a hempen halter of selfish and beastly indulgence. Wherever it goes, a funeral train of evils follows in its wake, as black as a string of cat-fish. Homes of comfort and peace are transformed to dens of want and misery; love's honey is embittered by gall; parental affection, care and anxiety by degrees sink into cold neglect; the cord of attachment that binds husband and wife suddenly snaps asunder, and one fall backwards, perchance into the fire and the other into a tub of water. That man my friends whom the alcohol of wo has marked for his victim, is a kind of galvanised nobody in the world. As long as his lucre lasts, he will find enough ready to extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and at the same time the left hand of robbery; but when he loses his character—receives more kicks than kindness; and is left to wallow in the mire of his misery, as the wretched remnant of a being that once was endowed with reason, and whose bosom could boast of such valuable property as pleasure, happiness and peace, before it became burnt out by the fire of dissipation. Poor creature every time he gets intoxicated, he fancies that he is galloping on a fleet horse to heaven, but when he comes to his sober senses, he finds to his horror, that he is staggering a number of paces directly towards perdition. Then he betakes him to his bottle again to dispel the gloom of the dismal reality, and so staggers on till he finally breaks his corporeal rum jug against the tomb stone, and the spirit is released from its vessel of clay. Rum, then surely is the spirit of wo. Aye, as woful a spirit as man need wish to contend with; but I am happy to see that a general spirit of caution is arising to combat it; that people are beginning to find out that water is good to drink, and that men as well as animals can partake of it with impunity. Go on, ye temperance generals!—lead the way up to the plains of peace and prosperity! Fall into ranks ye moderate drinker! and you, ye three quarters gone suckers—you who lie rotting in the valley of darkness, make an effort to grab at the coat tail of some of the hindmost, and you are saved! Glory! glory! Go a head water works!

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam.

Judge. "What is your native language?"

Witness. "I pe no native: I's a Doochman."

Judge. "What is your mother tongue?"

Witness. "O, fader say she pe all tongue."

Judge. In an irritable tone—"What language did you first learn? what language did you speak in the cradle?"

Witness. "I did not speak no language in te cradle at all, I only *cried in Dooch*." Then there was a general laugh in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.—*Vicksb'g Sentinel.*

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, Northern District of Mississippi. No 348 In bankruptcy.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that VAN S. BELL of Winston county, has this day filed his petition for the benefit of the Bankrupt Law, and that the 4th Monday of September, 1842, has been appointed by the Court for the hearing of the same, at the Court Room in the Town of Aberdeen, Mi. Test: G. M. RAGSDALE, Clk. July 26, 1842. 7 4w